PATLAR

VOICE OF GAY AMERICA SINCE 1982

JANUARY
1989

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PATLAR
Voice of Gay America
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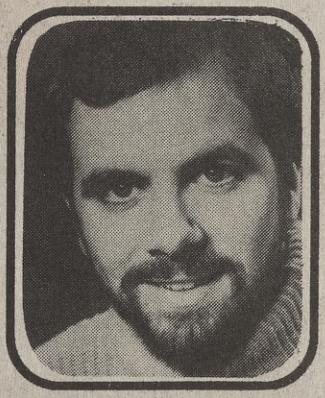
COVER PERSONALITIES:

Patlar's cover personalities for January are the stars of the film *Torch Song Trilogy*: Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin. Based on the Tony award-winning Broadway play, *Torch Song Trilogy* debuted last month.

THE NEXT WAVE

by Douglas N. Lewis

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE NEW YEAR



"Next!!" God roared and 1989 came sullenly from behind 1988, dragging his heels and mumbling to himself. He wore tattered jeans and a sweatshirt that said--LOVE SLAVE. "Uh, listen, God. I'm not really looking forward to this, so if it's OK with you, I'm just going to stay here and forget about this whole new-year-thing."

"WHAT?! What do you mean just forget about it. You have a duty here to take your place as 1989!" God was wearing his usual blinding light and was picking his teeth with a bolt of lightning. "Do you think this is any picnic for me? I've been at this since Day One, and you don't see me whining and shirking my responsibilities."

"Yeah, but at least you're omnipotent. I mean, look at 1988! He looks like shit! All those pollutants, that heat wave and drought, those earthquakes, those forest fires, those candidates, the election, those lips, those eyes!! And if you ask me, Jim Bakker makes a lousy homosexual!"

"1989," God muttered, "nobody cares what you think."

"Exactly, sir, and with all those celebrity babies born this year, I won't really be missed, right? People would much rather fawn over the new royal baby, Beatrice, and Bruce and Demi's kid, Rumer, or Olivia and Sally's new kids. I'm sure I won't be missed." A tear was making its way down 1989's cheek.

God fixed 1989 with his patented steely glare. "You have to take your position on January 1, it's in your job description. Now, get thee behind me."

"Michael Dukakis can just fade away. Evan Mecham can just fade away. We can only hope Mike Tyson and Robin Givens will fade away. And I think Dan Quayle was born fading away. So why can't I?" 1989 pleaded.

"Because fading away isn't something New Years are allowed to do. Only Old Years and inept politicians can rightfully fade away, into the mists of time, the swirls of history, into the abyss of memory--," God was going off again.

"Uh, excuse me, God, how come people like Donald and Ivana Trump can get whatever they want but I can't? It must be the publicity. Maybe if I take a page in the New York Times and explain my case, the world will back me up." 1989 was getting desperate.

God rose to his full height and pointed a powerful pointer at 1989. "Listen you l[illegible]tle snippet of a time span, you don't have the bucks of Donald Trump, the press addiction of Ed Koch, the poetry of Jesse Jackson, the navel of Cher, the slam-dunk of Michael Jordan, the curves of Jessica Rabbit, the get-up-and-go of Flo-Jo, the tattoos of Gitte and Mark, the steroids of Ben Johnson, the mouth of Al Sharpton, the wardrobe of Imelda Marcos or the style of the Stealth Bomber, 1988 had all those things and more. He deserves a rest. YOU, on the other hand, are just starting out. GO!! And I'll see you December 31st. Have a nice year."

With that, God gathered his greatness up and sped off in his just-paid-for BMW.

"Well," 1989 said to himself, "I guess that's that." He turned to 1988, "So, are you glad it's over?"

1988 slowly turned his weather-beaten face towards 1989. "Hell yes! What a year! I thought I'd seen everything, peace treaties, trade treaties, International AIDS Day, the Soviets pulling out of Afghanistan, the Cubans pulling out of Angola, Oprah pulling out of the refrigerator, George Bush wanting a "kinder, gentler nation," America wanting George Bush, Gorbachev wanting to see New York, New York wanting to see Gorby, but I never thought I'd see Bruce and Julianne break up. Oh, sad sad year!"

With that he shuffled down from his throne, flushed it, and bid farewell to 1989. Just before he disappeared into the proverbial mists of time, 1988 wished 1989 luck, happiness, health, and an improved television season.

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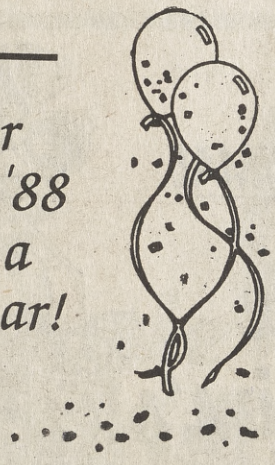

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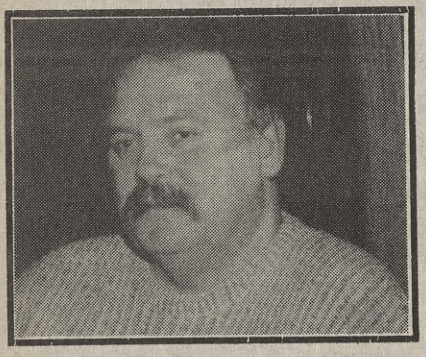

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GROWING GOLDEN

by Patrick H. Colley

We've all used the expression, "Had it been a snake, it would have bitten me." A lot of solutions are right under our noses, and we kick ourselves when they become evident. But sometimes they never become evident, even when others point them out. As I discussed in my last column, friendship is a powerful remedy for loneliness, yet it is a solution many of us fail to grasp.

When alone, there is nothing more frightening than approaching 50 and realizing that we've squandered all our friends on an idealistic, tunnel-vision quest for a lover. An indescribable panic can surface about that time--especially when peers and older acquaintances start deteriorating with those diseases which tend to prey on seniors. We profoundly sense our mortality and know that time could be running out. Some of us frantically try to find the ideal lover through personal ads in magazines, contact newsletters, and computerized dating services. Our ads read something like, "Between the ages of 21 and 32, trim and muscular, hairy, Leo *only*" or "Over 65, under 5'-8", 220# plus, no drink, no smoke, no bald." We want our ideals or nothing at all. What we fail to realize is that middle age is the most crucial time to nurture friendships. It is the period when one needs friendships the most.

Good, solid, sincere friendships tend to keep us positive and attractive. We don't seem to get in ruts as often, and we are rarely allowed to feel sorry for ourselves. Friends keep us talking things out and force us to think about other things besides ourselves. They sometimes make us laugh. We don't feel so vulnerable, either, and the world seems a little less hostile. Sturdy, for-the-long-haul friendships teach us the principles of giving with nothing expected in return--of gracious taking when it is offered in the same way. But mostly, friends help us *like* ourselves more, and that is an important prerequisite to finding a long-term mate.

Friends are a most effective vehicle for finding mates, too. When someone tells you that they found a lover through a contact club or an ad in a certain magazine, many times they neglect to add that they met that person *indirectly* through same--that they met a bunch of acquaintances through the ad or club and that a new friend introduced them to the lover. Virtually all of my earlier romances were as a result of having been introduced to someone by a friend. The love of my life--the wonderful man with whom I now live--was introduced to me by a man whose ad I answered.

Maintaining and nurturing friendships are not that easy, however. They are often as difficult to maintain as life partnerships, and sometimes they sour or atrophy and must be allowed to dissolve and drift away. How many times have I made myself ill trying to figure out why a friend abandoned me? How many times have I let someone go because our relationship had become poisonous and was just taking too much of a toll? The older I become, however, the more I realize that the friends I've managed to hold on to at this point will probably endure for a lifetime. I've become wiser, too, and choose my new friends a little more carefully.

Many of us unwisely ignore and alienate our friends upon meeting a possible mate, ostensibly because we feel that our friends might compromise the fledgling romance in some way. On the other hand, a few of us naively allow our more protective or jealous friends to sabotage our romance before it has a chance to take hold. My attitude is to invite them all to the party and see how they react. If our new romance is worth anything, he'll stick around in spite of an overly protective friend. Our friends deserve to be in on the occasion, however.

Another thing we seem to lose sight of is the fact that, ideally, our lifemates should be our best friends. I have to be the luckiest man alive because I get to spend 24 hours a day with my best friend who also happens to be my lover, surrogate father, and business partner. Sure, we get away from each other for a few hours from time to time and have our little arguments, but basically we don't tire of each other. And because of our solid relationship, we find that we can put more into our outside relationships. Consequently, we find ourselves thriving inside a warm, nurturing environment.

How many friends do you have? When was the last time you called a friend and told him how much you appreciate him?

IN MY OPINION

by Mel Dahl

The recent protests against The Last Temptation of Christ, the continued arrests of anti-abortion protesters, and George Bush's successful branding of Michael Dukakis as anti-God, family, country, mother, and apple pie have caused me to do some thinking about the role of religion in general, and Christianity in particular, in government. I need to say at the outset that I consider myself a Christian. I am an active member of a Christian church. Some of the more conservative fundamentalists would probably not consider me a Christian because I don't buy into their specific brand of theology, but many of them would probably not consider Jesus a Christian, either, if they were to talk theology with him.

The denomination I call home, Metropolitan Community Church, is distinguished largely by its commitment to social justice, equality for women (and I am proud to say that it is one of only two Protestant denominations where women make up 50% of the clergy), and its belief that traditional Christian teachings on human sexuality are, well, misguided. The Reverend Jerry Falwell considers us a cult and once devoted several minutes of a nationally televised sermon to talking about the great rejoicing there would be in Heaven when we all landed in Hell.

Having said that, I am becoming increasingly concerned by my fellow Christians' complaints about no longer being permitted to run the lives of other people. Most of the complaints that I hear from the Religious Right boil down to the fact that the courts are becoming increasingly reluctant to allow them to meddle in the affairs of other people. I, who am never at a loss for words, am unable to find words to express my utter lack of sympathy for people whose major complaint is that they can no longer interfere in the lives of other people.

Do you consider abortion to be sinful? Fine, don't have one. I am not aware of anything in any Supreme Court decision requiring people who have religious convictions against abortions to have them. The Supreme Court has merely said that those with religious convictions against abortion may not impose those convictions on people who don't share them. I have religious convictions against abortion. But I candidly admit that those convictions are theological, and nobody has the right to make their personal theology the law of the land.

Do you consider homosexual acts sinful? Fine, don't commit them. I know of nothing in the agenda of the gay rights movement that would require non-gay individuals to engage in homosexual acts. All that agenda calls for is an end to the use of the government as a means to punish people who don't share conventional standards of sexual morality.

Do you believe that pornography is sinful? Fine, don't look at it. The American Civil Liberties Union has never in its history gone into court to try to force people to read pornography who don't wish to do so. But don't go snooping around in other people's libraries and bookstores to make sure that they aren't reading anything your theology finds objectionable as it is really none of your business.

I don't suppose the people who are offended by pornogra-

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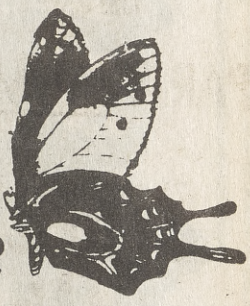

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phy (or for that matter The Last Temptation of Christ) are any more offended by it than I am by Jerry Falwell. Every time he opens his mouth he says something that offends my sensibilities. Given the downright vicious things he and others like him have had to say over the years about people who disagree with their social views, any complaint from him about being offended is the pot calling the kettle black. Yet if I cannot have him taken off the air, and under the First Amendment I clearly cannot, offensive though he is, then why should the Citizens for Decency be so privileged as to be able to silence speech that they find offensive?

There are two reasons for this, one philosophical and one practical. As a cold, hard pragmatist, I shall deal with the practical first. If you will look at the most violent and bloody places on earth--Northern Ireland, Lebanon, Iran, Iraq, India--you will find a common denominator, and that is that in all of these places the blood is being spilled in the name of God. None of these places have the separation of church and state mandated by our Constitution, and so each of the theologies indigenous to those areas are bound and determined to seize control of the government before somebody else does. Here, our Constitution provides that no religious group is going to have control of the government, and so here the churches do not engage in violence (as a general rule) to try to wrest control of something they can't have anyway. Thus, the ACLU, rather than being the Grinch that stole the Christmas creche, simply recognizes that the penalty for any mingling of church and state may be bloodshed, and the ACLU is bound and determined that that won't happen here.

This brings us to the philosophical issue involved: The church has no business trying to turn America into a Christian country (or requiring people to live lives of Christian morality) because coercion has no place in the work of the church. Coercive power--"thou shalt not" backed up by police officers, judges, and prison sentences--is the realm of the state. The realm of the church is moral persuasion, seeking to persuade people by reason and faith, not by force. As Thomas Jefferson said, truth can stand on its own two feet; it is only error which requires coercion to prop it up.

I commend the efforts of churches that oppose abortion to provide alternatives to abortion. I have no objection to churches that oppose pornography encouraging their members not to read it, even though I think their position is pretty silly, and lose no opportunity to say so. It doesn't even bother me that churches that teach homosexuality to be sinful say so from their pulpits, although in all candor I think history will view anti-gay bigotry as being worthy of no more respect than anti-Semitism or racism. I don't even have any heartburn with boycotts; I've participated in a few of those myself and they are a valid, free-market form of expression. My objections to the Religious Right come not from the fact that its members express their opinions, or even that I disagree with many of their opinions, but rather their notion that the government exists to implement those ideas by force.

The issue is not whether we are pro- or anti-religion, but rather whether we are pro- or anti-pluralism. H. L. Menchen's observation that the good the church has done in terms of charity is far outweighed by the damage it has done to clear and honest thinking does, unfortunately, have some merit. Remember, a faith born of the sword is no faith at all, and the founder of Christianity once told a too-eager disciple that those who take the sword will perish by the sword.

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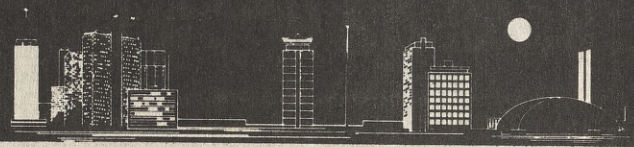

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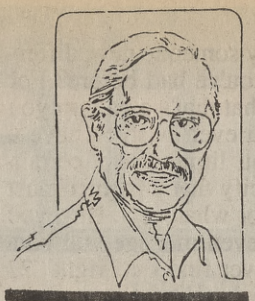

RALPH
and there is more...

As I said in the last column *"there is no perfect lover."*

And yet . . . and yet . . . as Andre Gide so frequently said in his ***Journals***. Or, as I say, each month: " . . . and there is MORE!" For there is more to be said on the issue of relationship and finding the person with whom you can have--or more accurately--can build a viable relationship, for a lifetime.

My last column offered a suggestion; namely, that you choose someone whom you did not like, and begin a relationship with them. This time, I suggest the flip side of that. Choose someone who is a friend, whom you know well and care about as a person, and begin a relationship with them.

"Oh, no," I can hear you saying, "We are sisters!" Or, perhaps you are saying that you are brothers. Whatever form your response takes, you are implying that to have a relationship with someone with whom you are already close or intimate or with whom you have no secrets, and who has few, if any, secrets from you, simply would not work, or would not be appropriate. Indeed, you are confronting, even before beginning the relationship, what sometimes comes up for people who have been in a long and successful relationship of many years. You know, those who say: "Oh, no! We don't have sex with each other anymore. We are truly like brothers and we love each other too much for that."

Wow! I remember how shocked I was the first time I heard that from a couple whom I met, and whose sincere ability to share a life together successfully and comfortably was clearly evident. I've since learned that therapists who work with couples have made note of the fact that this does happen for some. You become truly "family" to each other, and then the incest taboo comes up. You just don't do "it" with family! It is probably some variant on the "incest taboo" that causes you to put up a barrier against initiating a relationship with a good friend.

Well, be that as it may, there is probably no single better source of a good, viable, sustaining and successful relationship than a good friend! Indeed, no relationship has any chance of long-term survival unless and until both partners become good friends to each other!

Please let me say once again that I have nothing against romance and that wondrous stranger "across a crowded room." It is exhilarating and exciting and indeed magical! Permit me to say, however, from experience, that what can be even more exciting is seeing, unexpectedly, in that "crowded room" the face of the beloved whom you have known and loved and lived and shared with for many years! In other words, romance is not only for the newly met. It is, or should be, the goal of every relationship--for a lifetime. But, all of that takes dedication and work and commitment. None of those are automatically included in that ecstatic moment of eyes meeting. There is "chemistry!" And that's great! But far greater is the many-years commingling of a magical blend of many essences, slowly accumulated over many years of shared interest and shared concerns. That is what a lifetime commitment to each other makes possible for lovers. And THAT'S chemistry!

Thus you see that choosing a friend for beginning a relationship will start out with the foundation already laid! You have, at the beginning, what most couples must spend years in establishing! You are already connected and intermingled and mutually supporting!

"Oh," but you say, "He's not my type!" Or, "He's too old!" or "Too young!" or "He doesn't turn me on."

Well, what does turn you on? Are you one of those

who can only be sexually aroused by someone new, different, unique, unlike anyone whom you've had before? For if you are, let me lovingly suggest that that's a pattern you will certainly need to let go, if you even wish to have a continuing relationship! Or, are you limited to a certain age range, like those ads which specify that a partner must be between the ages of 22 and 26 (or whatever). Hey, you are stuck, too! For the most you'll even manage will be a four-year relationship (if you can ever find the "right" 22 year old) which will last only until your chosen one reaches that upper limit of 26! Do you only like "summer blonds?" They darken with winter, you know. And the brownest hair eventually greys. And all kinds of other changes affect those highly specific things you feel are necessary in a partner.

Have you ever noticed, however, that you can be very forgiving of your friends as they grow older (and possibly wiser!) and as their hair greys and some of the wrinkles come. You may even recognize that with a friend *none of those things you've been making so important for a lover even truly matter!* And, they accept those changes in you!

So, if you choose to check out this approach in your quest for a sustaining love relationship, what hurdles do you have to get over? Well, first, of course, you need to choose a friend who is also willing to explore this possibility with you. You might begin by sharing this column with him. I think you'll be surprised to discover how many "friends" would truly like to have--or perhaps even on a continuing basis--sustain a sexual relationship with you! So, you begin by checking it out.

Further, you will need to discover that closeness and friendship need not necessarily take the bloom off of the possibility of love, sex, and deep affection. Try simply making a shift . . . Allow yourself to do some fantasizing and dream up some wondrous and romantic interludes with your friend. Run them through your imagination--not once, but a number of times. Begin to like them! And, if he is considering this experiment also, encourage him to do likewise. And, when you finally do choose to bed down, select a time that will be relaxed and unpressured for both of you, and create as comfortable and romantic a setting for it as possible. The weekend away at a very nice resort might be ideal. Or, if that isn't possible, take the time to make your place (or his!) as attractive and comfortable as possible--with a thorough house cleaning and fresh flowers and perhaps a catered meal. Incense is nice--if he isn't allergic! AND, most important of all, be kind and patient and tender with each other. You are beginning the opening of a whole new experience of each other--one which will go past the level of intimacy and closeness you've known thus far, and one which holds out truly magical promise for both of you!

For you see, this suggestion is not as far afield from the suggestions in my last column as you might think, because here, too, you already know many of the things you do not like in the other--and, better yet, you know large areas of mutual concern and interest and (yes!) love. In this situation, also, you start out far down the road that others have to travel to get to where you are right now, at the beginning!

Hey, start looking around at your friends, right now. And then, after thoughtful consideration, choose someone. And, you might just begin by tossing him a copy of this column and asking if he thinks what this guy Ralph has written is totally off the wall. That could be a beginning, at least! I certainly wish you love--and happiness!

[Ralph H. Walker, Ed.D., is creator of The Loving Brotherhood and The ALL NEW YOU Experience. For information, write PO Box 556, Sussex, NJ 07461.]

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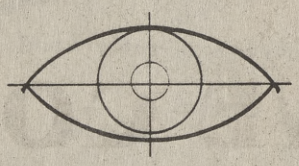

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BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

Reviewed by Dean Stonehocker

THE CRYSTAL CURTAIN by Sandy Bayer (Alyson Publications).

In this, her first novel, Ms. Bayer introduces Stephanie Nowland, lesbian lover of the "strikingly beautiful" Marian Damiano. But Stephanie is no ordinary woman. She's a chain smoking psychic wonder, able to penetrate the future as well as reach her disturbingly cold psychic fingers into other people's minds and underwear.

The villain of this melodrama is Frank Talbot. Frank, a Vietnam vet, exists to kill, rape and torture women. Resentful of Stephanie's interference in his femicidal pastimes (an interference that has resulted in his incarceration in the state pen), Frank vows to "get the bitch." He breaks out of the penitentiary and heads toward the comfortable little Florida bungalow of Marian and Stephanie.

Ms. Bayer handles language well enough. At times, however, she reaches a bit for originality. Characters don't blush in her novel, for instance, their faces "pinkin." And though she's easily at home while writing from the feminine point of view, things go slightly awry when she shifts to Frank's. "I'll be you still wanna suck your mama's tits," he taunts another man--an expression I can't conceive one guy actually saying to another without being laughed right out of the locker room.

But the book's major weakness is structural. If you're going to write a thriller, than write a thriller. Boil the pot, don't let your characters endlessly stew in chapter after chapter of verbal juices. And the bad guy in this story is too one sided. The most frightening psychopaths are those who "seem" normal. Frank Talbot is like a comic book bad boy.

It's not a dull book, certainly; it's just that it could have been much better.

BOYS' TOWN by Art Bosch (Alyson Publications).

Scout DeYoung is a Volvo driving writer and coffee gourmet who has a lover, Jessee, a divorced carpenter who has a little boy, Jackson, who lives with them in that glittering gay ghetto of Hollywood affectionately known as Boys' Town.

A cook after my own heart, Scout prepares meals by choosing from each of the four main food groups: "frozen, bottled, canned or boxed." "If Mrs. Paul or Sara Lee didn't make it, neither did he."

Scout also has a roommate, Nash, who tends bar between tricks, and who falls for the closeted and stunningly handsome local TV anchorman, Dan Carter.

And there's the black maid, Maizie, who cooks for them with equal dashes of spice and wit.

And Buddy, Scout's friend, whose bashing becomes the founding impetus for a volunteer pink Lacoste-shirted militia that patrols the streets after dark to protect gay brothers and sisters from brutality.

And finally, there's Caleb, Buddy's boyfriend, who everyone encourages to live each day to the fullest as his body succumbs to AIDS.

Boys' Town is a quirky, light and fun novel. Presented in bite-sized chapters that flit about the town like fireflies, the characters are realistically drawn, and we come to care for and about them like friends.

If at times things seem a little too good to be true (handsome, faithful lovers aren't the norm in my experience, anyway), it is fiction after all, and part of a story's purpose is to show us how things could be.

Boys' Town isn't destined to become a classic in the field of gay literature, but it is a pleasant enough book for an afternoon in the park or a flight to LA (especially since ten percent of its royalties are being donated to the American Foundation for AIDS Research in Los Angeles).

CRACKER'S CUPBOARD

by Crackers IX de Modesto

Winter is here! Finally. Time marches on no matter what we do. I'm offering you a hot salad recipe this month that should help make winter a bit more delightful and a little less difficult.

HOT DUTCH POTATO SALAD

1/2 lb. bacon
2 tbl. all-purpose flour
2 tbl. sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
2/3 cup vinegar
2/3 cup water
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
3 large potatoes, cooked, peeled, and sliced
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/3 cup chopped green onions

In a large skillet, cook bacon until crisp. Remove and cool on paper towel. Reserve 2 tablespoons of drippings in the skillet. Crumb bacon when cool. Combine and mix well the flour, sugar, dry mustard, and add to drippings stirring until smooth. Cook one minute stirring constantly. Gradually add vinegar and water; cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until thickened and bubbly. Stir in salt and pepper; remove from heat and set mixture aside.

Lightly grease an 8 x 12 x 12 inch baking dish. Layer half the baking dish with half of the potatoes, celery, green onions, and crumbled bacon. Pour one-half of the sauce over the first layer. Repeat the layer with all remaining halves. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Uncover and bake an additional 10 minutes.

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GAY HISTORY

by Terry Boughner, Ph.D.

Introduction to the Medieval Period

If the Medieval Period (500 A.D. to 1500 A.D.) is anything in the popular mind, it is a magic and wonderful time of Camelot when gallant knights-errant in flashing armor courted noble ladies, when troubadors in lordly halls sang sweetly and hauntingly to the strains of the lute, and when great kings rode forth in splendor to do battle against all sorts of evil forces. Unfortunately, history tells us another tale.

In all actuality life in Medieval Europe was terrible, nasty, brutish, and short. Death was a constant companion. Wars, large and small, were almost a perpetual fact of life while disease stalked the land. The Black Plague of the 14th Century, which swept Europe several times, wiped out a third or more of the Continent's population according to some estimates. Famine took its toll as well. Such was the condition of the roads that while one town had food, another only a short distance away could be in the grip of starvation.

Gays, or "sodomites" as we were called then, suffered all this and more. The Roman Church was all powerful and looked on homosexuality as the worst possible sin, the single greatest crime against nature, equating it with the capital crime of heresy.

Gays, in untold numbers, were tortured, sent to the galleys to work their lives out, stoned, burned, or in other ways done to death. When all that failed, the Church instituted the Inquisition which had as one of its chief aims the elimination of sodomy wherever it could be found.

About the only way one could be openly gay and get away with it was to be in such a powerful position that no one dared do anything about it--except, of course, to mutter curses which were a serious matter in those days. We will see this when we take a look at William II of England, son of William the Conqueror, the first, but by no means last, gay king of England. William was quite simply, openly, and happily a sodomite and didn't give a fig who knew it. The same thing can be said of Henri III of France, whose story we will also tell, and of five popes whose lives we will not have time to discuss.

Edward II of England is an entirely other matter. As we shall see, monarch though he was, so numerous and powerful were his enemies that nothing could save him or his lover from particularly tragic and brutal deaths.

The point that I would like to mention here is that all three of these kings were very capable rulers. But such was the odium in which homosexuality was held that they were damned during their lives and have never been given fair treatment by historians since.

Contrast this with the Ancient Period. In ancient Egypt, Israel, Greece, and Rome writers had no difficulty in talking about gay relationships, found great beauty in them, and never judged a person's life on the basis of his sexuality.

In the Medieval period, a particular form of religious morality was the lens through which reality was viewed. If one was "incorrect" sexually, one's whole life was wrong. Later historians have followed that

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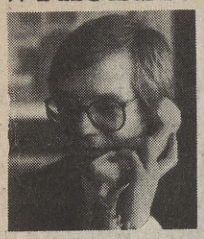

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view which is why, as John Boswell says, the record has been so obscured or distorted.

Nowhere is this more clear than in the lives of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, both of whom I will discuss.

Writers have done everything possible to either ignore or to outright deny the homosexuality of these great artists and its impact on their work. Thus, all Michelangelo's poetry which was written to a young man, was changed so that it would seem to be written to a woman.

I suggest that without some understanding of their sexual orientation and their loves, you will never reach a full appreciation of the art that they created.

In addition to all else, the Medieval Period was a terrible time for women. With few exceptions, women lived lives of exploitation at the hands of men. They had no rights in most countries, could own no property, could be married off to whomever the eldest male in the family thought most advantageous and, in most cases, were considered of no consequence being simply objects to decorate a man's house and have "his" children. In fact, as Boswell and several other recent historians point out, much of the hatred of gay men has to be understood in terms of the degradation of women. Nothing could be thought worse than for a man to act like a woman.

One outstanding exception to this was Queen Christina of Sweden. She refused to marry, threw her throne in the faces of her male ministers, and took off determined that, whatever it might cost, she would be her own person. That she got away with it and her lesbiansim was due primarily to the fact that the bemused male authorities had no idea what to do with her. This, and also that she had a great deal of money. So she lived as she wished and by the time she died had gained such grudging respect for her independence that she is the only woman buried in. . .But, you'll see..

One last thing I would like to mention before we begin with William II--or "Gay Bill" as some irreverent English history students refer to him. In the ancient world those who were us, gays and lesbians were for the most part integrated with their societies. Not only could they live more harmonious lives, but what they did, whether they achieved success or failure, was not determined by gender of their beloved.

Neither were their lives judged on that basis. Thus, their love stories could be, and were, told in all of their beauty. The same is true in any society where homosexuality is accepted and institutionalized.

In the Medieval Period gays and lesbians, damned and excluded as they were, lived for the most part lives that were filled with great tragedy or lives as "characters" outside of society. Thus, inasmuch as many attitudes and beliefs current in Medieval times are still around, you will probably be better able to identify with William II, Queen Christina, or even the star-crossed Edward II.

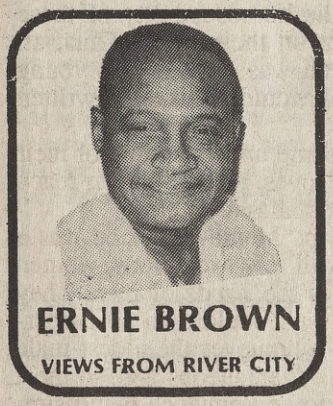
Some like to see history as a steady progression of advancement in human rights. When it comes to gays and lesbians, the last 1500 years of history, sadly, are not a story of progress.

[Terry Boughner received his Ph.D. in History from Catholic University. He taught at LaRouche College for several years. He now lives in Milwaukee where he is associated with the gay newspaper known as *Wisconsin Light*.]

Gay Carryings-On in Sacramento

(Home base of Patlar)

by Ernie Brown



Welcome to 1989! . . . First of all, the following organization asked me to express to you their gratitude and thankfulness for your outpouring charitable spirit that you displayed over the recent holidays The AIDS Foundation, Hand-to-Hand Project, MCC, Saga III, and The Wreck Room, Toys for Tots. Yes, I must say: Everyone of you came through. Thanks! . . . No doubt by the time you read this the Mercantile Saloon will have reopened. Hopefully. Again, we, the employees of the Mercantile Saloon would like to thank the following bars for taking us under your wings, so to speak: Faces, Western, Beau's, Joseph's Town & Country. We hope that we were assets to your establishments; you certainly were assets to us. Once again: Thanks! . . . Because of all the activities surrounding the recent holidays, I have been unable to inquire too much about what's going on around town. This month you'll just have to stop by each of the bars and check them out for yourselves . . .I do know that the Empress LaKish & Emperor Bill are presenting in Imperial Leather Ball at the Wreck Room someone during this month. Check with Wreck Room for the date. The Princess Closet Ball will be held on Feb. 12 at Beau's . . . Our River City MCC is certainly on the move. The New Year brings on a welcomed problem. The Board of Directors recently announced that due to the phenominal growth of the congregation during 1988 the present building at 34th & Broadway can no longer accommodate this dynamic ministry. Rev. Elder Freida Smith states: We are looking for a centrally located existing church that will seat over 300, or suitable property to build on. The current building, a historical landmark, will be put up for sale. Interested parties in old or new properties are encouraged to contact the MCC at (916) 454-4762. Speaking of MCC, here is someone we are truly going to miss: Rev. Larry Dunlap. He has accepted the pulpit of Emanual MCC in Spokane, Washington. Rev. Dunlap is well known throughout the community and was the official chaplain of GNIE. A fine musician, he has headed the music department of River City MCC and was assistant pastor. Spokane's gain is definitely Sacramento's loss. Congrats, Rev. Dunlap . . .

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RAOUL AND JULIO REVISITED

by Lloyd R. Grosvenor

(concluding dialogue)

[Synopsis: The time is June, 1938, the big-band era. Raoul, Matt (also called Mattucci), and Giulio are in the gig at the Silver Slipper in Atlantic City. Giulio joined the band in Philadelphia, and now, after three encounters in the changing cabana on the beach, Raoul (who shared the same room with Matt, and then the same bed), realizes he is in love with Giulio, and tells him so after he finds him drunk and on drugs in a upstairs room at a smoky club where they go to jam after hours. The dialogues continue about a week later, between Matt and Raoul.]

"What in hell is goin' on, Raoul?"

"What should be going on, Matt? How do I know what's going on? Nothing's going on."

"I know you, Raoul. You look like something's goin' on. What's in that room?"

"Nothing's in this room."

"How come you're standing in front of the door, then? What in the hell are you doing, Raoul?"

"Nothing. I'm not doing anything. Why did you follow me here?"

"You were gone a long time."

"It's only been about twenty minutes."

"Last week when you came up here you stayed almost an hour, and you brought back a woozey Giulio. And he wasn't right for two-three days. Fouled up his solos and everything."

"Why did you follow me up here?"

"What are you hiding in that room?"

"Nothing."

"Giulio's in there, isn't he? Let me in."

"No . . . . No."

"Raoul, if you don't let me in there, I'm going down and get Mel and some of the guys--"

"OK, OK. It is Giulio again. He's passed out again. I was just going to let him sleep it off."

"I want to see him."

"Just let him alone, Matt."

"Nothing doing. I gotta see how he is. Step aside, Raoul."

"Why are you so goddamned interested in Giulio?"

"Why are you? Open the fuckin' door."

"OK. There. See for yourself. See? Sleeping like a baby. I just put him down again. Probably for the night. He's had a snoot full. If you just let him sleep it off--"

"God! He smells awful. That's something else besides booze."

"Yep. That's reefers and probably Chinese opium."

"Where in the hell'd he get Chinese opium?"

"From somebody in this club."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

"Hey, Raoul! It doesn't look like he's breathing."

"He's just breathing low."

"He's not breathing, I tell you. I can't feel any pulse in his wrist."

"You're probably holding it wrong. Here, let me feel it."

"Can you feel it?"

"No."

"Oh, Jesus!"

"Will you stop saying 'Oh Jesus'! It gives me the willies."

"I think Giulio's dead, Raoul. Jesus Christ! I think Giulio's dead!"

"He's not dead. He can't be dead."

"The hell if he can't. Giulio! For God's sake wake up, Giulio. Oh, God! Giulio! Giulio!"

"We gotta get a doctor or something. We gotta call an ambulance."

"Giulio! Giulio!"

"Get off him, Matt. Don't just sit there screaming. F'Chris'sake get a hold of yourself, Matt."

"I can't! I can't!"

"We gotta do something, Matt. If you go hysterical we'll get everybody aroused. Come on, Matt. Snap out of it. Come on, Matt."

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"I can't. I can't. You don't understand, Raoul. My God! Giulio! Just let me stay here and die with him, Raoul. I can't stand it!"

"You can stand it. Matt, you can stand it. Cut it out."

"Raoul, please don't! Don't smack me again. I gotta hold onto something. Let me hold on to you, Raoul. You don't know. You don't know how I--how I loved him."

"What! You mean, you and Giulio--"

"Yes."

"You son-of-a-bitch!"

"I know I'm a low mug, Raoul. I'm sorry. I am so sorry. It was just that--I mean I couldn't help myself. It's not as if we had any agreement about you and me, Raoul. And Giulio and I just sort of got together--"

"How could you do that?"

"All those times when we went to the beach, I just sort of disappeared and met Giulio. And when you left me at the house and took off for the beach or to rehearse the singers, or whatever, I was meeting Giulio."

"I ought to beat the shit out of you for double-crossing me, but that wouldn't do any good now."

"What are we going to do? What are we going to do about Giulio? Jesus! Somebody might think we killed him!"

"Stop crying and we'll figure it out."

"Maybe together we could lift him and take him right through the club. Pretend he's just tied one on."

"Oh, that's peachy. Somebody's bound to notice he's not even moving his legs."

"The club is so dark and smoky no one would notice anything."

"Are you out of your ever-lovin' mind? Our guys are all down there jamming or waiting to jam. Don't you think the guys from the band would notice something's fishy?"

"What're we gonna do, then? Jesus!"

"Let me think, Matt. We got to have a doctor. Maybe he's not dead."

"He's dead! He's dead! Giulio's dead! I know he's dead!"

"Matt, don't start that screaming and crying again, or I'll sock you instead of just slapping you . . . . That's better . . . Are you all right now? You got ahold of yourself?"

"I think so."

"You stay here. I'm going to get help. Don't get all hysterical now. I'll be right back. Lock the door from the inside and don't let anybody in. I'll knock three times to let you know it's me when I get back."

* * * * *

"How do you feel now, Matt?"

"I feel a lot better now that I know Giulio's going to live. How about you?"

"I don't feel too great about the snotty nurses downstairs."

"Hospitals have their rules."

"Thanks for waiting up here for me."

"That was pretty smart of you to get the room number then pretend only one of us was coming up to see him."

"That one-at-a-time is bullshit, Matt. They don't pay too much attention to who comes and goes. If you just go on through and don't ask, well, they think you know what you're doing and where you're going and they don't ask any questions."

"What would you do if you got stopped and questioned?"

"I'd put on a German accent or something and pretend I didn't know vhat vass goink on."

"You're a riot, Raoul."

"Here it is. Room two-twelve."

"Go easy. Open the door easy. Maybe he's asleep."

"Don't he look sweet, lying there with his blue eyes closed?"

"He looks alive at least. Look at him breathe."

"Did you ever think you'd be glad just to watch somebody breathe, Matt? I think people asleep always look kind of--vulnerable."

"Yeah. Vulnerable."

"Don't shake him, for Chris'sake."

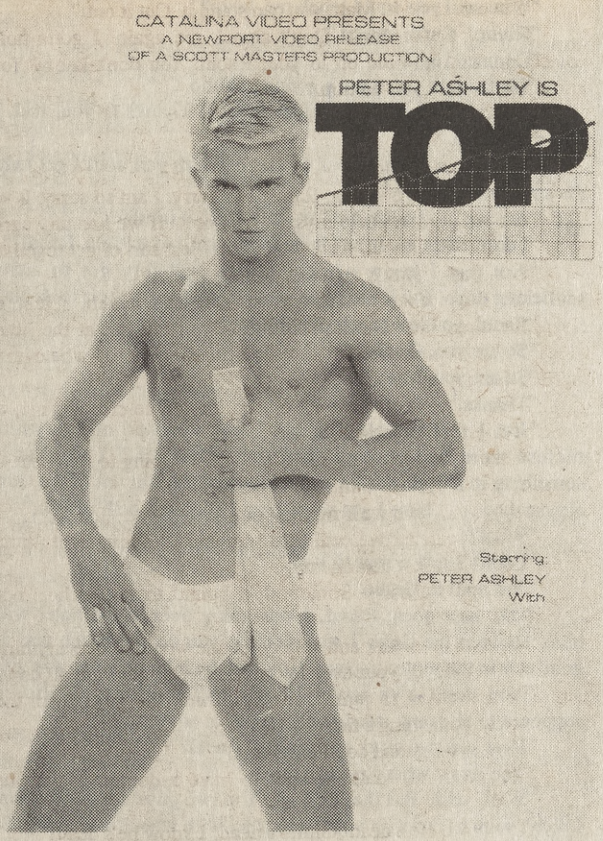
"I'm not shaking. I'm only touching him."

"Don't touch him there!"

"Why not? Where's a better place to get a rise out of him?"

"The man's just practically come back from the dead, Matt. For Chris'sake--"

"Then this is the first place he'll come alive."



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"Somebody might come in and see you doing that."

"So what if they do?"

"Who said you could touch me, bozo?"

"Giulio! You're awake."

"Damned right."

"We thought you were a gonner, Giulio."

"I ain't gone yet. Pretty close though. Thanks to you, Kid, I didn't kick the bucket."

"Both of us. Matt helped by staying with you until I got help. Then the ambulance came--"

"Are we in--I mean am I in--any kind of trouble?"

"I don't think so. Is he? Is he in any kind of trouble, Raoul?"

"Not that I know of. The club's probably got to answer for trafficking dope. But it has to be proved. And that's their look-out."

"Raoul, you're a peach of a fellow."

"So are you, Giulio."

"So are you, Matt."

"Thanks."

"But I feel terrible. I mean I feel ashamed of everything. The reefers were bad enough--and that other stuff I smoked. I took something in a hypo needle and it knocked the shit out of me. Just now I almost died . . . . Now I got something I gotta tell both of you."

"What?"

"I don't know where to start."

"Just spill it, Giulio."

"OK, here goes: Raoul, I was going over to the hotel with Matt, here, between the times I was meeting you on the beach and we were goin' at it in the rented cabana. Now you both know what was goin' on."

"You don't owe anybody any explanations, Giulio. Are we supposed to be going steady or engaged or anything?"

"How can two guys be engaged, Raoul?"

"You know what I mean, Giulio."

"Well, yeah. But that ain't all. You two guys are good friends. And I didn't want to mess up your friendship with what I was doing. See what I mean? And you're roommates. And how would it be if you two fellows were on the outs with each other and had to be roommates?"

"We'd just get a change of roommates."

"How'd you do that? You think Pete would switch everybody around? Everybody seems to be pretty compatible. Roommates is a big problem with a big band. It's all even right now. Anyway, I felt real bad about screwing up you guys. And I had it on my mind a lot. It's bad enough being attracted to other guys. Worse being attracted to both of you. It's unnatural . . . ."

"What the hell does 'unnatural' mean? Dogs do it and apes and gorillas and. . . ."

"Shit, Raoul, I've had a lot of trouble with this."

"You've got all those women after you--"

"They might be after me, Matt, but I'm not after them."

"What about the Flat Foot Floogies? And all the other women you screwed?"

"I lied."

"What?"

"Don't look so shocked, Matt. Guys all lie about how many women they've had. Don't you know that, you poor, naive little dago?"

"Watch it with the dago business, dago."

"Don't get into that, you two."

"Keep out of this, Raoul. This is just between dagos."

"If your Catholic mothers could hear you two, they'd both shit green. Cut that out. We got something to tell you, Giulio. You want to tell him, Matt?"

"What? . . . Oh . . . No. You. You can explain it better than I can."

"OK Giulio, here you are all laid up in a hospital bed, right?"

"Right. As any dumb asshole can see."

"And way down deep it's because you got this thing going on in your head about you, and us, and all that?"

"I suppose so."

"And you came pretty close to croakin'."

"You can say that again."

"Look at it this way: If you'd croaked, you wouldn't be able to do any of this, right?"

"Natch."

"So why waste your living life apologizing for being the way you

are?"

"I was sorry for the way I treated you guys."

"Don't be, Giulio."

"OK, Matt."

"Giulio, here's the rest of it: We figured, why should we fight over you? Why should you fight with yourself over us? Why should you fight with me over Matt, and why should you fight with Matt over me?"

"Sounds complicated. I'm kinda mixed up. I gotta say this. When you told me you loved me, Raoul . . . well, I was all drunked up and blotto on dope, but I got the message. And it about blew me away. Anyway, it cranked up my mind. There's nothing so great as being . . . loved . . . . And when . . . when you're in love with two people . . . like Matt says: 'Look out, Hannah!'"

"You're older, Giulio. But that don't mean you know it all."

"Never said that, Raoul."

"I know a few things, too. OK?"

"Sure. OK"

"It's OK to love more than one person, OK?"

"Guess so."

"Look, you love your mother, don't you?"

"Don't remember her."

"Your dad, then?"

"Don't remember him either. Been on my own since I was sixteen. Been on my own since I ran away from the orphanage. That's where I learned to play trumpet."

"Jesus! I didn't know all that."

"Natch, Matt. I never told anybody. Nobody ever asked. Nobody was interested."

"Matt's interested. I'm interested. I told you I love you."

"Sure, Raoul."

"OK. I love lots of people. My mother. My two brothers . . . . My dad--although he's kind of a grouch. And I suppose they all love me in their way. And I love you . . . . And I love Matt. It may be crazy. It's even illegal. But you can't stop it. Matt and I have talked about this. Since you . . . since you almost cashed in. There's no reason why three people can't get more out of being together than two. If two's better and stronger than one, then three's got to be better than two. Three Musketeers, and all that jazz. Only difference is we happen to be musicians making people happy instead of swashbuckling swords sticking people in the ass right and left."

"I don't believe this, you guys. I just don't believe it."

"Believe it, Giulio. Now for the punch line."

"What punch line?"

"Something we want you to do, Giulio."

"What?"

"Tell Mel Davis we're all quitting the band."

"What? Are you nuts?"

"Matt and me, we got a new agent-manager for what's gonna be the world's greatest trio."

"What are you talking about?"

"You and me and Matt. The Verona Trio."

"The Verona Trio? Jesus!"

"Yeah. Don't it sound great?"

"Who says I want to quit the band?"

"You want to quit. You do. You don't have to say it. You want to quit and make a great trio."

"Why don't you tell Mel Davis yourself?"

"I'm too yellow."

"How about you, Matt?"

"I was born a coward."

"You expect me to just go up to Mel Davis and say, 'Hey, Mel, we got a new manager and we're ditching the band and goin' on the road as the Verona Trio . . . .' Just like that?"

"We haven 't got any contract with Mel Davis. The contract is between Davis and our fearless leader, Peter Vinton."

"We gave our word to Pete."

"OK, then we can finish this gig. Three more weeks and we'll be on our own. Say you'll tell him, Giulio."

"Well . . . ."

"Good! One for all . . . ."

". . . All for one . . . ."

"You guys can talk pretty fast . . . . All right. All for one."

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"Tell you what else we'll do, Giulio. We'll get Pete to move you out of the room with Mel and into our room . . . OK, Matt?"

"Sure. OK."

"How about that!"

"Matt, you're a real prince of a fellow."

"Thanks, Giulio. You're aces with me. And you're aces with Raoul."

"Hey, you guys! I can't do anybody any good now! Come on, I'm going to push the button and call the nurse! Wait 'till I recover!"

THE END

HOROSCOPES

by Pat Larr, Sci.D.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): Isn't it a drag having nothing to wear? Mid-month a long-haired blond gives new meaning to the expression "dressed for success."

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): Your new love puts the pressure on. You're not the marrying kind, are you? Tell him if you want a ring you'll take a bath.

PISCES (Feb 19-Mar 20): Oh, those lips, those eyes!!!! If you make the first move, this guy will be heels over head in no time.

ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 19): You start off the new year with a bang, and isn't that your favorite way? Enjoy this new romance; it may not last.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): A phone call from an old flame stirs up memories of dial tones passed. Pull the plug on this before you long to reach out and touch someone.

GEMINI (May 21-Jun 20): Yes, it's diet time again. Giving up the booze won't hurt you. Giving up the bars just might.

CANCER (Jun 21-Jul 22): He's attractive and he's attracted to you, but ask him about his other half. And you thought he was single!

LEO (Jul 23-Aug 22): The planets align in your favor this month. Twinkle, twinkle little star. You'll be shooting by month's end.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sep 22): A mid-month party poops you out. Time to lay low on the high life for awhile. Money appears at month's end.

LIBRA (Sep 23-Oct 22): That humpy guy who never gives you the time of day suddenly only has eyes for you. Play it cool at first or you'll scare him away.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 22): A close friend gets even closer this month. Don't ruin a good friendship by letting little things get in the way.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 21): A household repairman gets you up and pumping when you see the size of his tool chest; well, maybe this time YOU have the perfect tool for his job.

FAUX PAS

by Ed E. Kett

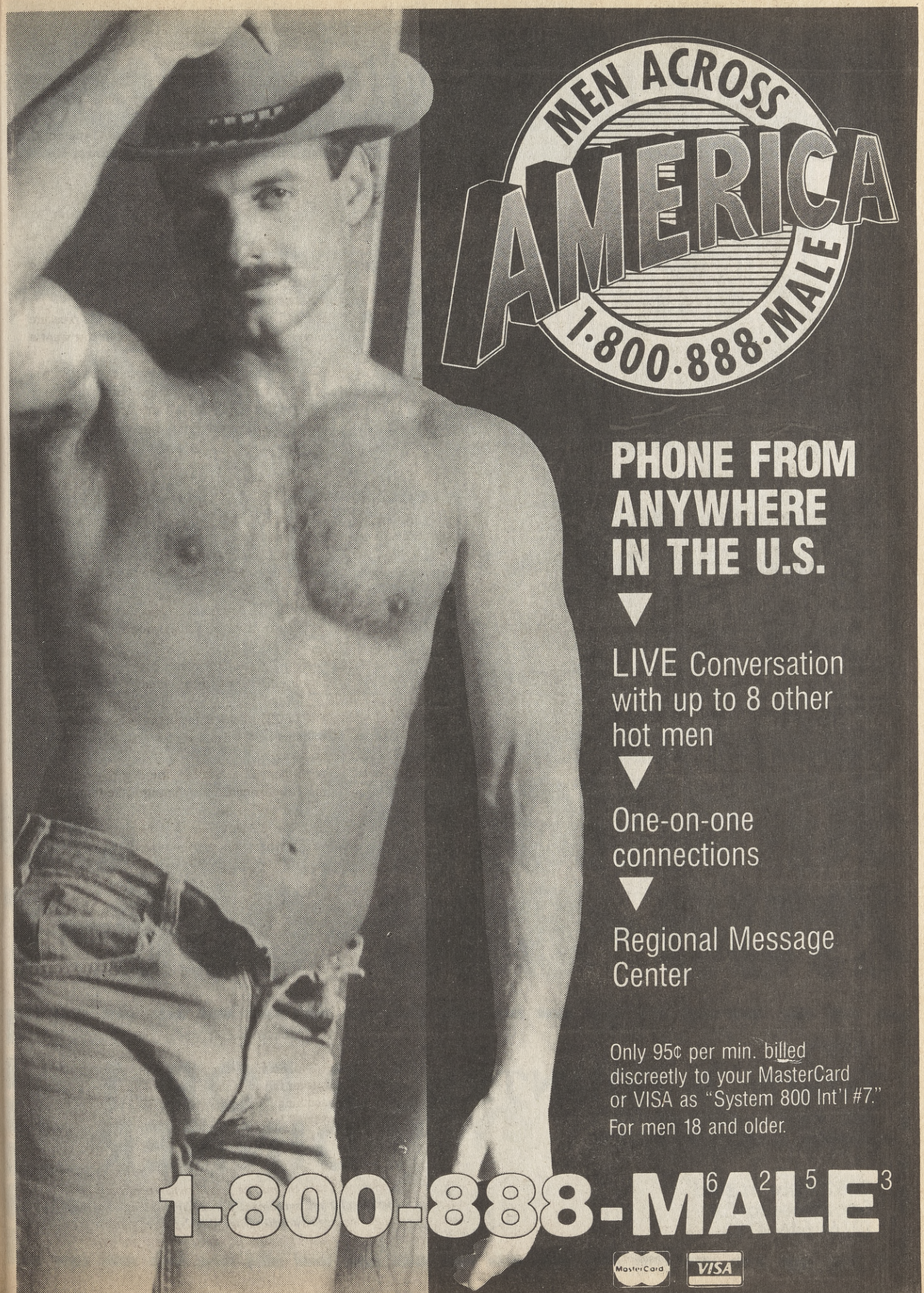
Dear Edwards,

Why, oh why, does this always happen to me? I meet a pair of lovers (or even couples I already know, for that matter) and they seem happy as clams together. Then, the minute one of them is out of hearing, the other one will begin to dump on me about how awful his other half is--either he drinks too much or cheats too much, etc. On and on they ramble. I mean, what am I supposed to say? "Yeah, your other half is a terrible slimy dog to treat you that way," or "No, no, no. I'm sure you're all wrong about your wonderful lover." And it never fails that the minute I'm alone with the other lover, he starts bad-mouthing "his" other half. Of course, when they're back together again, they're all lovey-dovey again, too. How do I walk this tight rope?

Yours,
Michael

Dear Michael,

A gentleman will take the middle ground when confronted with this dilemma, neither offering agreement nor disagreement. On the other hand, when someone begins to disparage their spouse, gentle agreement can work wonders especially if you're trying to get into one or the other's pants.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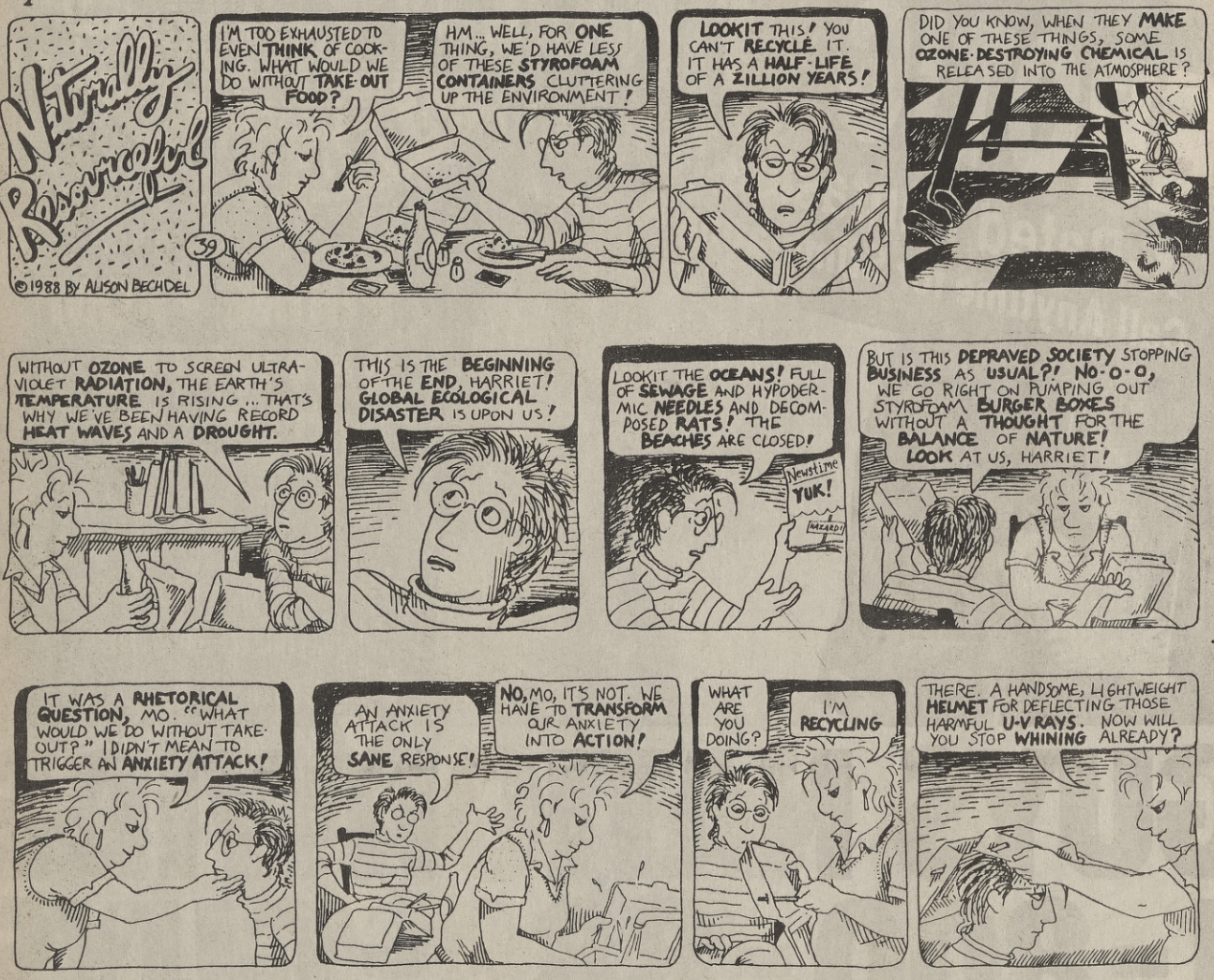
Natural Resources
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39
I'M TOO EXHAUSTED TO EVEN THINK OF COOKING. WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT TAKE-OUT FOOD?
HM... WELL, FOR ONE THING, WE'D HAVE LESS OF THESE STYROFOAM CONTAINERS CLUTTERING UP THE ENVIRONMENT!
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THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END, HARRIET! GLOBAL ECOLOGICAL DISASTER IS UPON US!
LOOKIT THE OCEANS! FULL OF SEWAGE AND HYPODERMIC NEEDLES AND DECOMPOSED RATS! THE BEACHES ARE CLOSED!
Newsflime
YUK!
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BUT IS THIS DEPRAVED SOCIETY STOPPING BUSINESS AS USUAL?! NO-O-O, WE GO RIGHT ON PUMPING OUT STYROFOAM BURGER BOXES WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR THE BALANCE OF NATURE! LOOK AT US, HARRIET!
IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION, MO. "WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT TAKE-OUT?" I DIDN'T MEAN TO TRIGGER AN ANXIETY ATTACK!
AN ANXIETY ATTACK IS THE ONLY SANE RESPONSE!
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By Bob Sinclair

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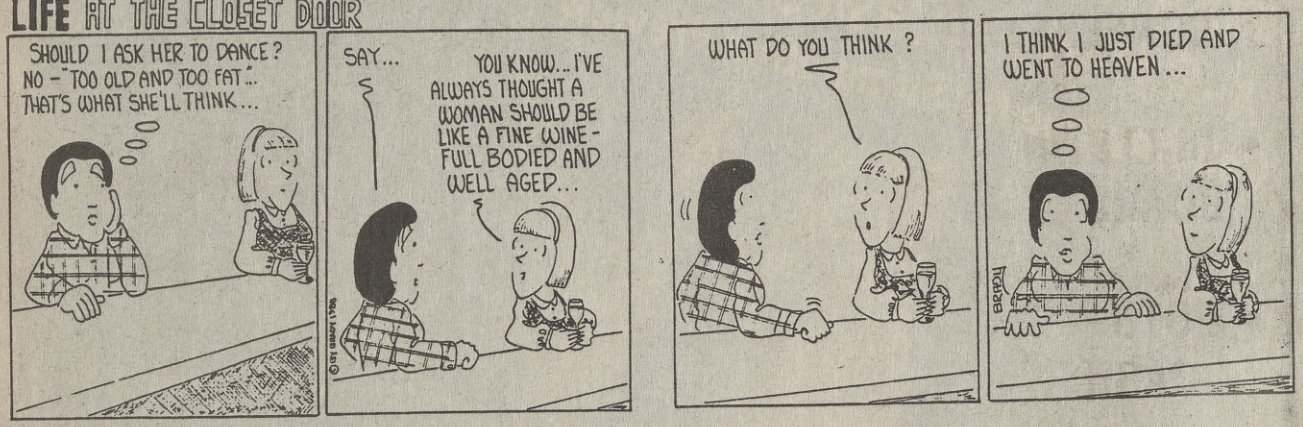
CROTCH
WE BOTH GET TO SEE THINGS AND PLACES WE'RE NEVER GOING TO GET TO VISIT.
BS

LIFE AT THE CLOSET DOOR


SHOULD I ASK HER TO DANCE? NO - "TOO OLD AND TOO FAT"... THAT'S WHAT SHE'LL THINK...
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YOU KNOW... I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT A WOMAN SHOULD BE LIKE A FINE WINE - FULL BODIED AND WELL AGED...
WHAT DO YOU THINK ?
I THINK I JUST DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN...

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by Kurt Erichsen

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He's too self-conscious about his appearance, though. He simply had to have a new outfit for this terribly chic soiree of yours.
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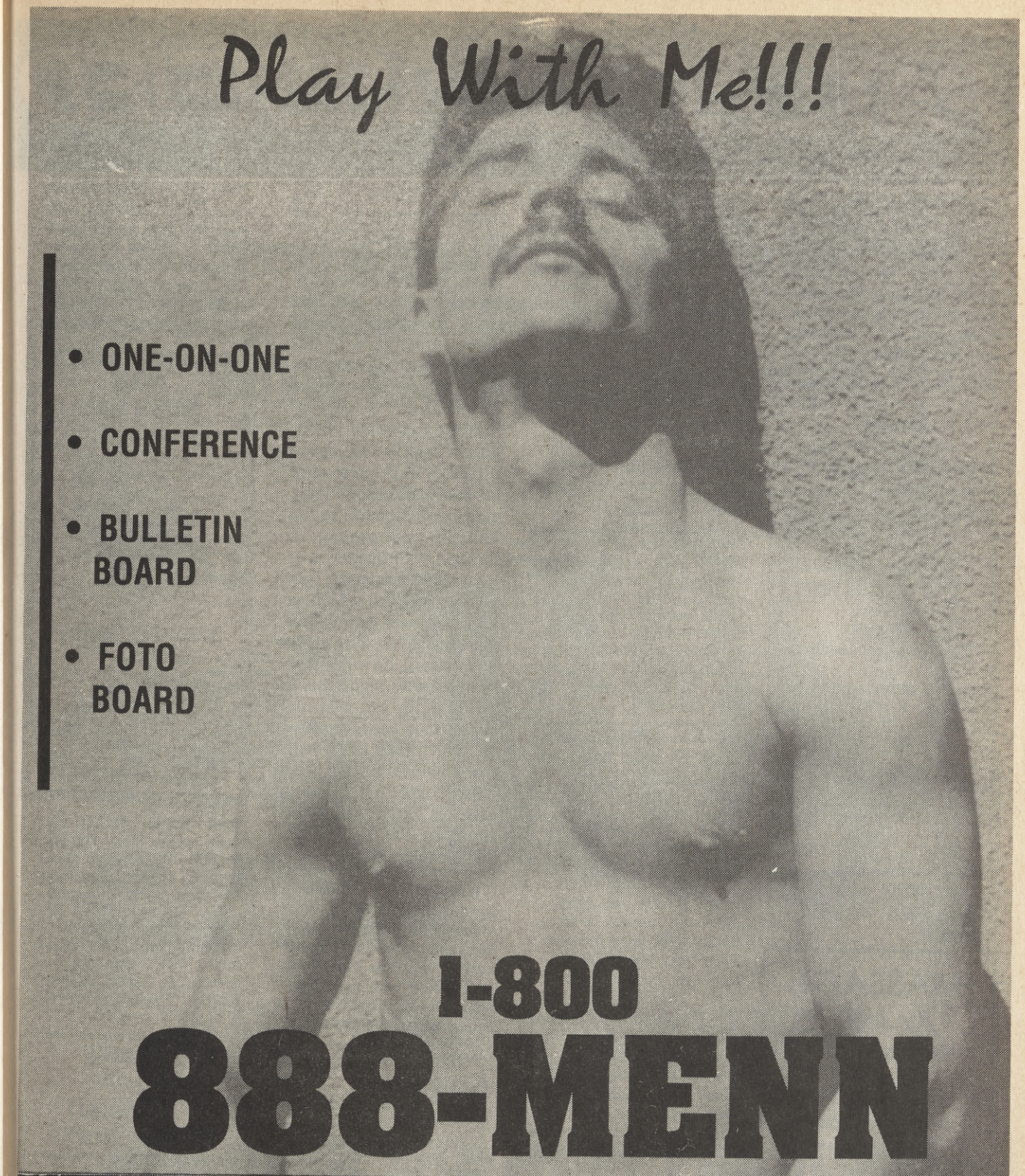

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HAIRY MEN/ADMIRERS: New/hot nat'l. listings. Info $3: Hair, 59 W. 10 St, NY, NY 10011. [92PL]

SPRING is sprung, the grass is rizz. I wonder where my honey is? Do you enjoy the outdoors, movies & music? Looking for a special man to share your life with? If so, I think we need to meet. I'm 5'10", medium build, 40s, looking for a non-smoking, affectionate man, mid-20s to mid-40s. If this sounds like you, let's get together & explore the possibilities of a long-term relationship. Write Patlar Ad 5-05, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

ATTENTION: Boy Friend Wanted! I'm mid 40s, blue eyes, 5'10", 165#, enjoy movies, outdoors, beaches--sensitive, loving, a giver, sick and tired of games--want to meet someone who desires long loving relationship. You are 25-35 years old, at least 6"2", very attractive, incredibly intelligent, highly educated (Ph.D. or M.D. preferred), have an athletic build, are clean cut, sincere, loyal, honest, and otherwise flawless with fluency in at least three European languages, one of which is French. Prefer man with a ten-inch cock, but eight inches will do if everything else is right. Send untouched, color nude photos in at least five poses and three letters of recommendation via registered, special-delivery mail to Patlar Ad 01-3, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

GWM 44 [looks 35] looking for that special guy for a monogamous relationship. I like camping, hiking, fishing, movies. Serious only need apply. Non-fats, non-fems, non-druggies only. Not into the bar scene. Call Bob (916) 456-0614. [92PL]

MEET YOUR OWN KIND. The relationship you seek; mutuality, depth, monogamy, no drugs/alcohol. The lover: 30-50, masc, healthy, fitness oriented, responsible professional, likes self. If interested write: Patlar Ad 11-3, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

GWM, 38, French passive, clean and healthy, wants to service healthy, French active men in good shape. Write: Patlar Ad 55-01, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

DO YOU LIKE CARS, travelling, photography, spending days at the beach? So do I. If you are healthy, physically fit, a non-smoker, and 35 or younger, call John at (916) 483-1521. [93PL]

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ARE YOU OUT THERE? A delicate male, little body hair, somewhat effeminate, passive in making love, top in sex. Must enjoy this hairy chested muscular man, and be eager to please, both in and out of bed. Age, income, endowment are unimportant; integrity is. Monogamous, relocatable only. Dark skin a plus. I'm earthy, vulnerable, and warm. 5'11", #190, "Rancher" type, and easy to know. Bud, PO Box 62, Woodland, CA 95695. ALL ANSWERED!!!! [91EPL]

AN OPEN GUY, fine-looking W/M 5'11" early 40s, good body, cultivated, intelligent, good natured & aware--seeks W/M over 25 (age no big deal) who's attractive, mature minded w/masc. outlook for sharing fun & growth. Forget the photos & tell me about you. Write Patlar Ad 11-02, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

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LET'S EXPLORE the possibilities. Affectionate/caring type prefers same for relationship. If you fit that description, I want to meet you. Whether you're 28 or 48...age is not important. A lean, trim physique is. Whether you have a GQ model's face is not important. An honest intent to have a relationship is. Wouldn't it be nice to find the man who loves you as much as you love him? If you find this interesting, let's discuss the other interests we have in common. Let's explore the possibilities. Send a letter to Patlar Ad 2-01, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

IF YOU ARE a transsexual, pre-operatiave transsexual, or female impersonator and want to meet nice men, join America's only free organization for gals like you--National Female Impersonator/Transsexual Contact Service, Philip Salem, Seattle Gay News, 704 East Pike Street, Seattle, WA 98122 or call (206) 329-TVTS. [9IEPL]

114 YEAR OLD MAN seeks boy friend. Mild mannered, self-sufficient ancient person seeks cuddly, relaxed non-smoker, very horny, over sexed. Have been out of the closet exactly one century next month. Emotional intimacy, warm feelings essential. Incidentally, I look 43 even if I really am 114. Write me c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

LA BEAR needs some honey. Funny, sensitive, sometimes shy, often profound teddy bear needs TLC in the form of someone 21-30, smooth average build, with a sense of humor, socially aware, not into cigarettes or other drugs. Especially attracted to Latins and redheads. If this sounds like you, and you'd enjoy watching movies, cooking up romantic dinners, cuddling, and otherwise exploring each other, let's get together. Phone number appreciated. Reply to Patlar Ad 5-01, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

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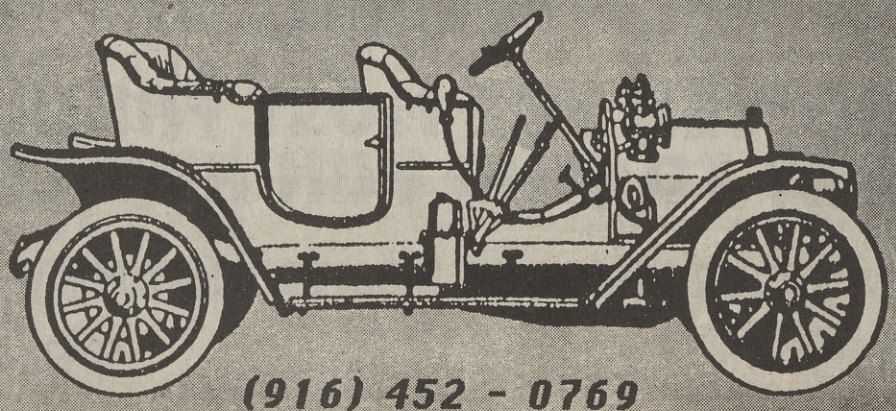

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